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CLAY PIGEON

CAPT. JOSH KEENAN HAD BEEN AN F4U CORSAIR PILOT IN WORLD WAR II... WHERE HE'D GOTTEN EIGHT ENEMY KILLS IN THE BIG, FAST GULL-WINGED FIGHTER...

THAT WAS WORLD WAR II! CAPT. KEENAN WENT HOME TO WISCONSIN WHERE HE PILOTED A...

THEN, IN JULY, 1950, KOREA CAME ALONG AND CAPTAIN, NOW MAJOR KEENAN, WAS BACK WHERE HE BELONGED...

THIS ISN'T MUCH LIKE FLYING OFF A CARRIER IN '45. I'M NOTHING BUT A CLAY PIGEON UP HERE.

FIGHTIN' MARINES

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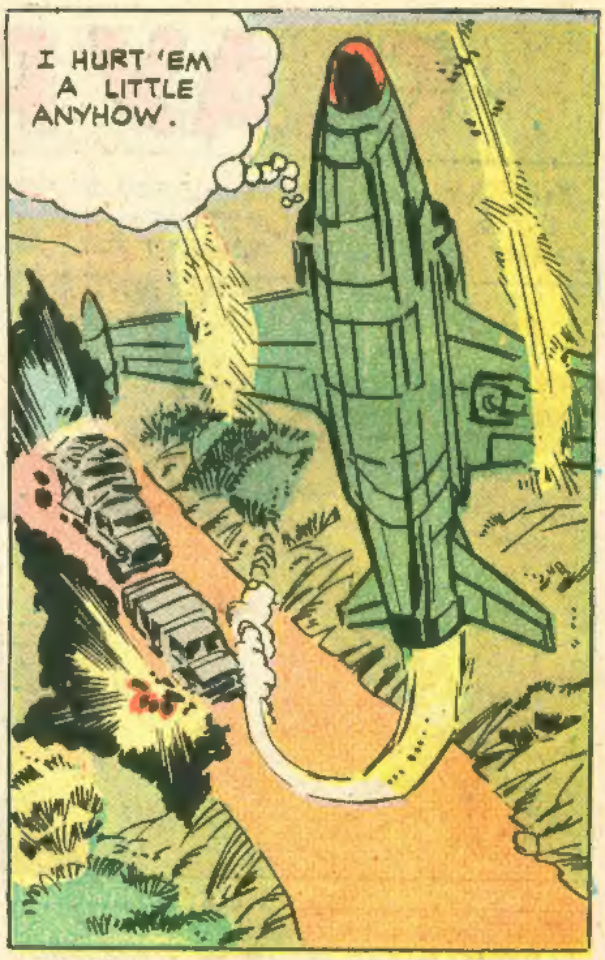
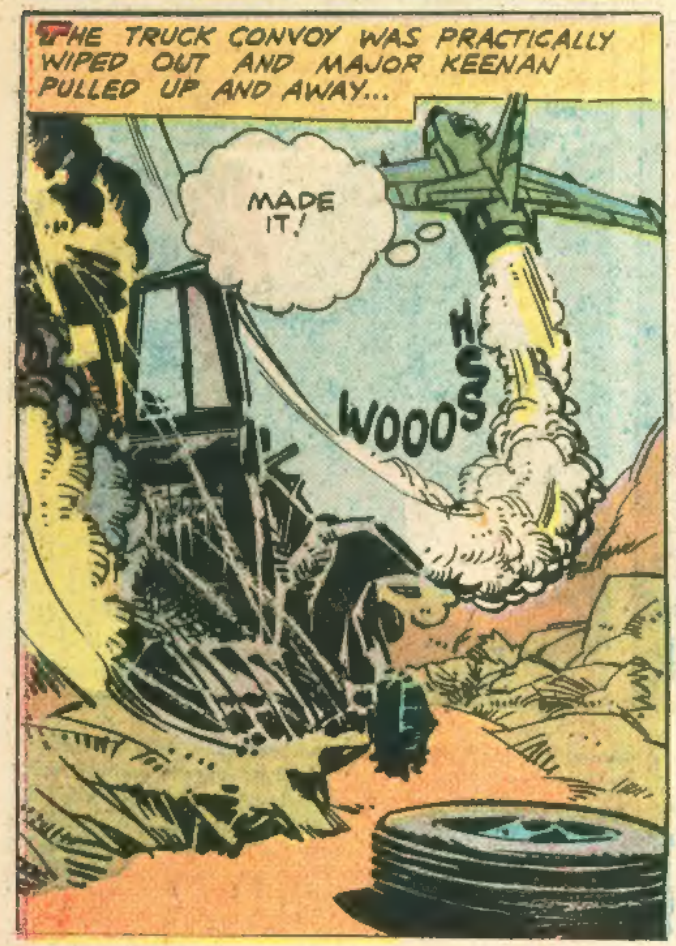
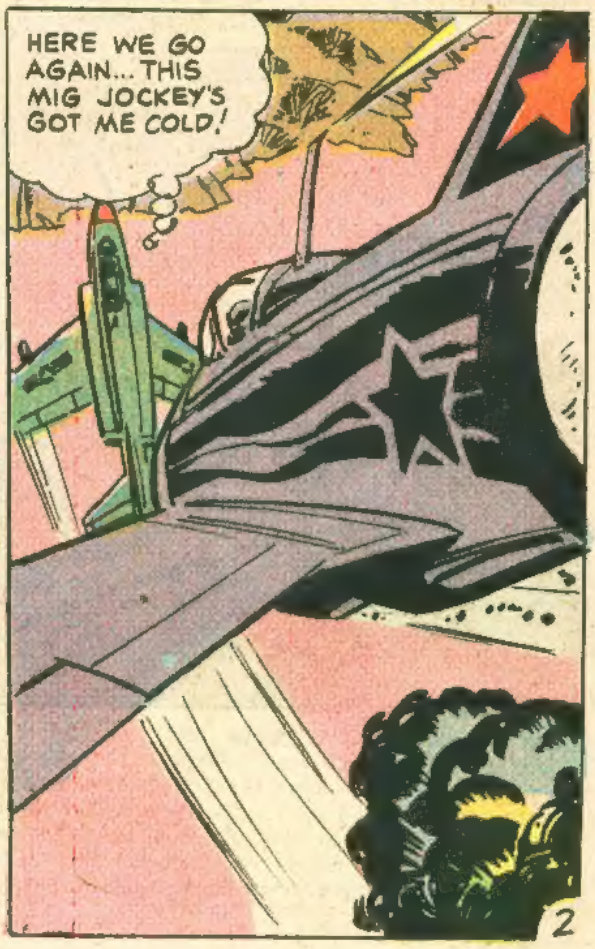
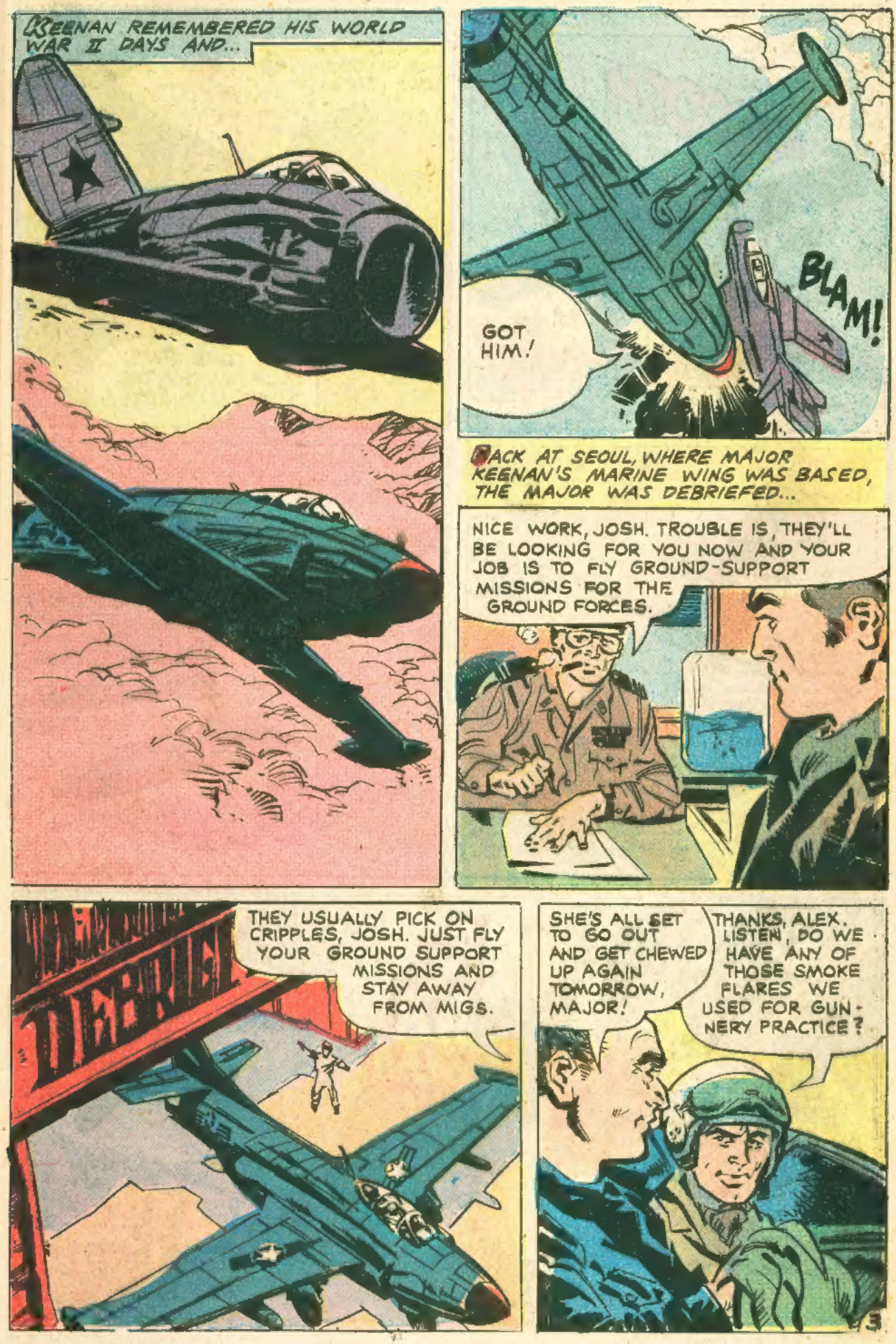
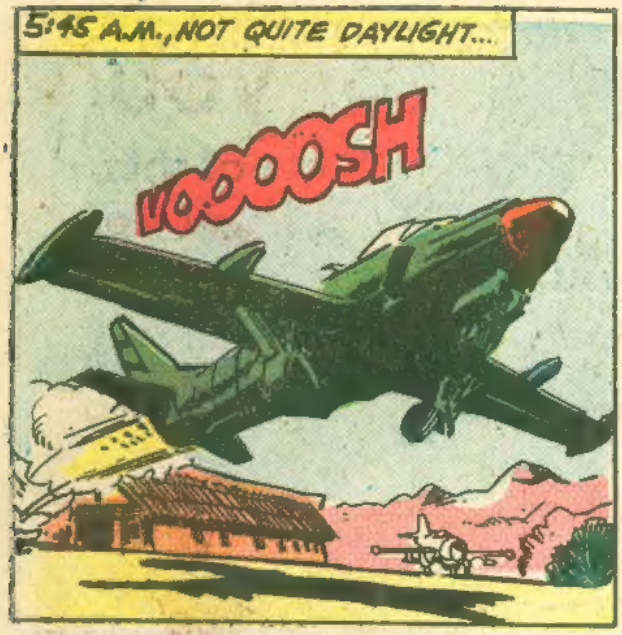
THEY'VE GOT ME ZEROED IN... BUT THERE ARE TROOPS AND AMMO IN THOSE TRUCKS!

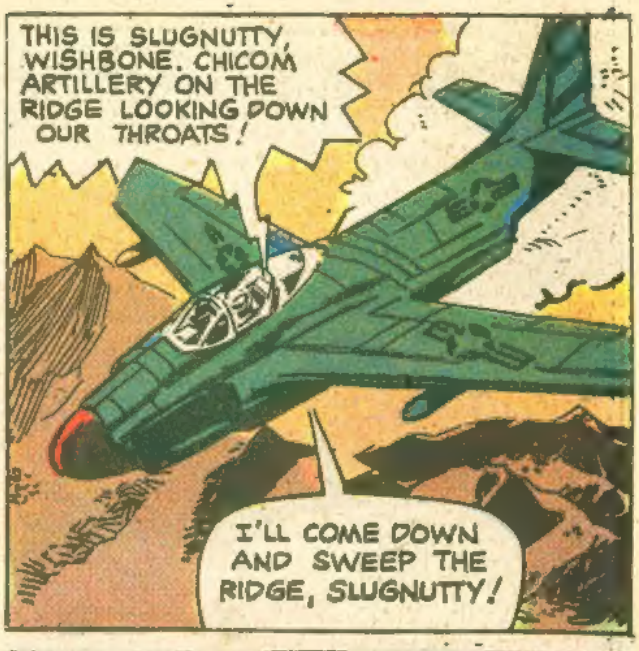

I HURT 'EM A LITTLE ANYHOW.

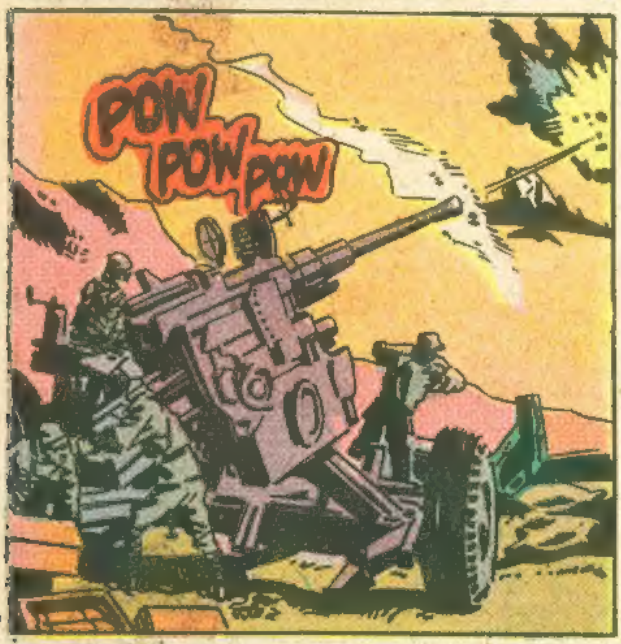

THE TRUCK CONVOY WAS PRACTICALLY WIPED OUT AND MAJOR KEENAN PULLED UP AND AWAY...
MADE IT.
WOOOSH


HERE WE GO AGAIN... THIS MIG JOCKEY'S GOT ME COLD!

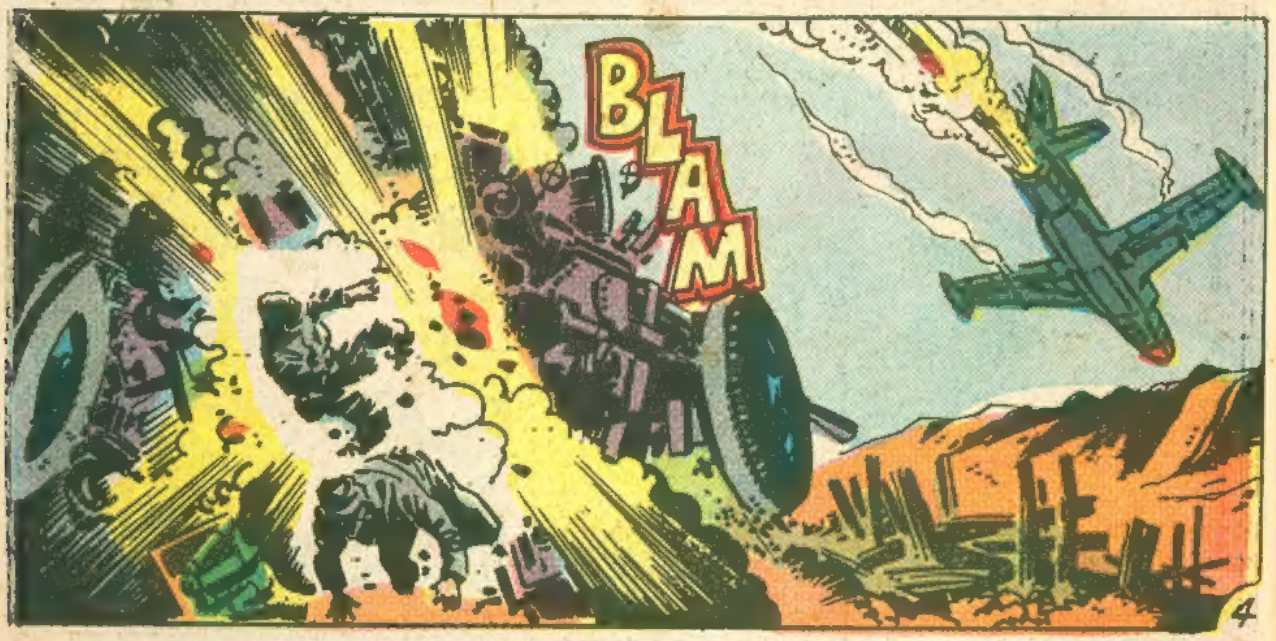

KEENAN REMEMBERED HIS WORLD WAR II DAYS AND...
BLAM!
GOT HIM!
BACK AT SEOUL, WHERE MAJOR KEENAN'S MARINE WING WAS BASED, THE MAJOR WAS DEBRIEFED...
NICE WORK, JOSH. TROUBLE IS, THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU NOW AND YOUR JOB IS TO FLY GROUND-SUPPORT MISSIONS FOR THE GROUND FORCES.
DEBRIEF
THEY USUALLY PICK ON CRIPPLES, JOSH. JUST FLY YOUR GROUND SUPPORT MISSIONS AND STAY AWAY FROM MIGS.
SHE'S ALL SET TO GO OUT AND GET CHEWED UP AGAIN TOMORROW, MAJOR!
THANKS, ALEX. LISTEN, DO WE HAVE ANY OF THOSE SMOKE FLARES WE USED FOR GUNNERY PRACTICE?
3


5:45 A.M., NOT QUITE DAYLIGHT...
WOOOOSH


THIS IS SLUGNUTTY, WISHBONE. CHICOM ARTILLERY ON THE RIDGE LOOKING DOWN OUR THROATS!
I'LL COME DOWN AND SWEEP THE RIDGE, SLUGNUTTY!

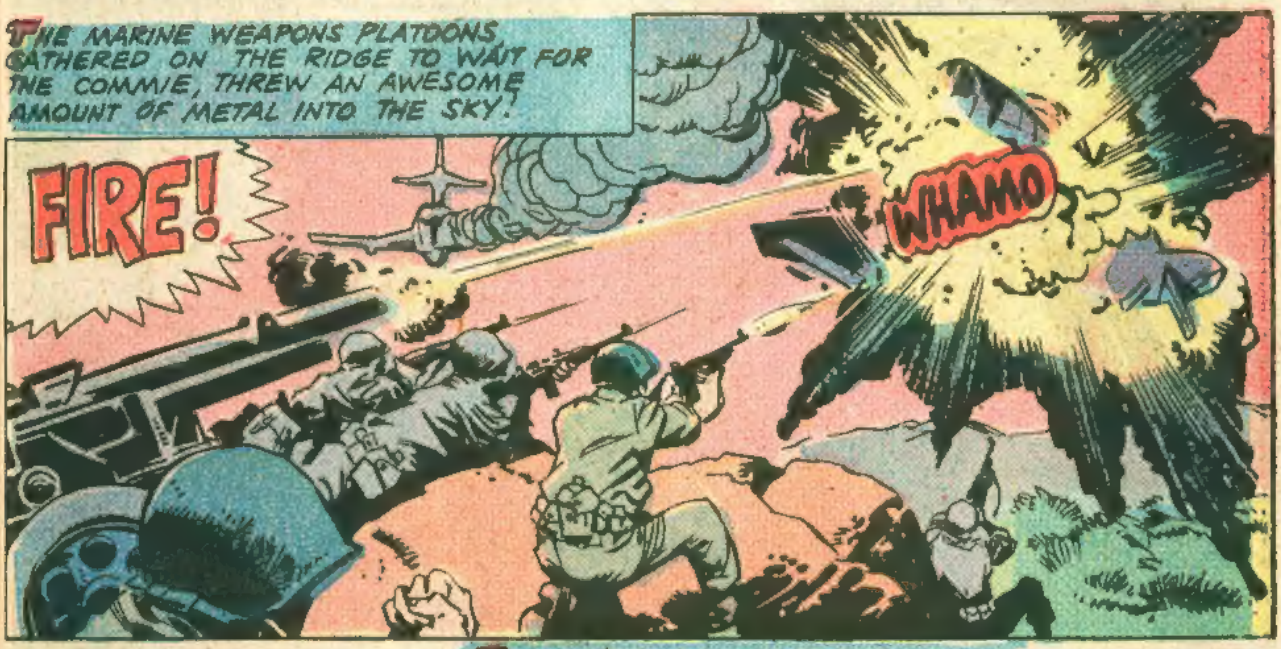

POW POW POW

GOT A BEAD ON 'EM ...THE WING ROCKETS OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!
WOOOSH!

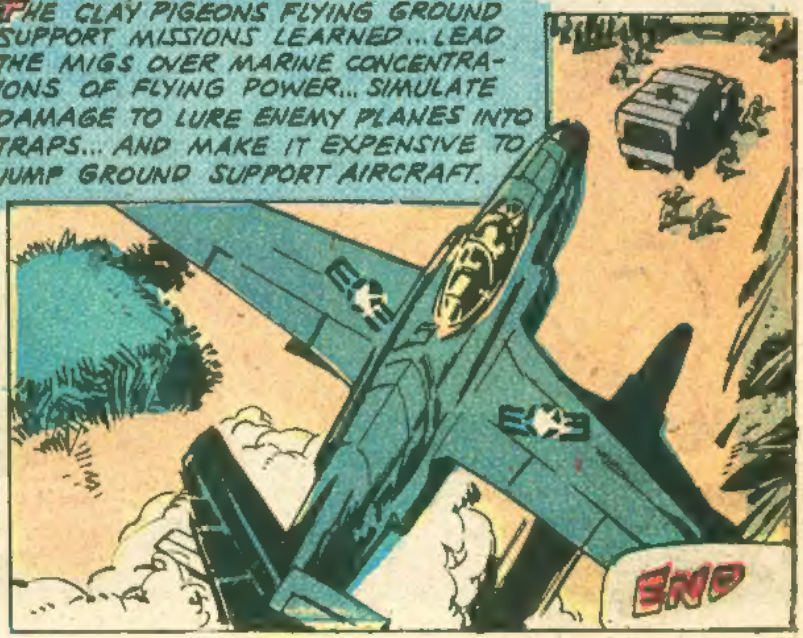

BLAM

MAJOR KEENAN DROPPED THE NAPALM ON A CHICOM STORAGE DUMP. THEN, WITH EMPTY ROCKET RACKS, HE GOT THE WORD HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR....
HERE COMES CHARLIE... HE SPOTTED OUR GUYS SMOKE... FIGURES HE'S GOT A REAL CRIPPLE. GIVE THE MAJOR THE WORD.
ZOOOM
POW POW POW
WOOSSH

THE MARINE WEAPONS PLATOONS GATHERED ON THE RIDGE TO WAIT FOR THE COMMIE, THREW AN AWESOME AMOUNT OF METAL INTO THE SKY.



THE CLAY PIGEONS FLYING GROUND SUPPORT MISSIONS LEARNED... LEAD THE MIGS OVER MARINE CONCENTRATIONS OF FLYING POWER... SIMULATE DAMAGE TO LURE ENEMY PLANES INTO TRAPS... AND MAKE IT EXPENSIVE TO JUMP GROUND SUPPORT AIRCRAFT.



SINCE 1940, WHEN LT. JASON BOYD WAS STATIONED AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPT. MARVIN L. KENDALL, HE HAD BEEN SO HATED BY HIM THAT HE HAD HIM BROKEN AS AN OFFICER. BUT HE CAME BACK AS A CORPORAL WITH THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR. NOW, AT GUADALCANAL, HE WAS AGAIN UNDER THE COMMAND OF LT. COLONEL KENDALL, BUT NOW SAW HIM IN THE TRUE LIGHT ... A COWARD UNDER COMBAT CONDITIONS. AND NOW IT BECAME A SHOWDOWN WHICH WAS TO BE THEIR OWN.....

PRIVATE WAR

D-8149

YOU ALWAYS WERE GUTLESS, KENDALL ... YOU'VE PROVEN IT NOW. GO AHEAD AN' SHOOT.....

I'M ORDERING YOU TO MOVE OUT... OR I'LL KILL YOU ON THE SPOT!

WHAMM

EDITOR: G. WILDMAN
SCRIPT: J. GILL
ART: WM. MOLNO

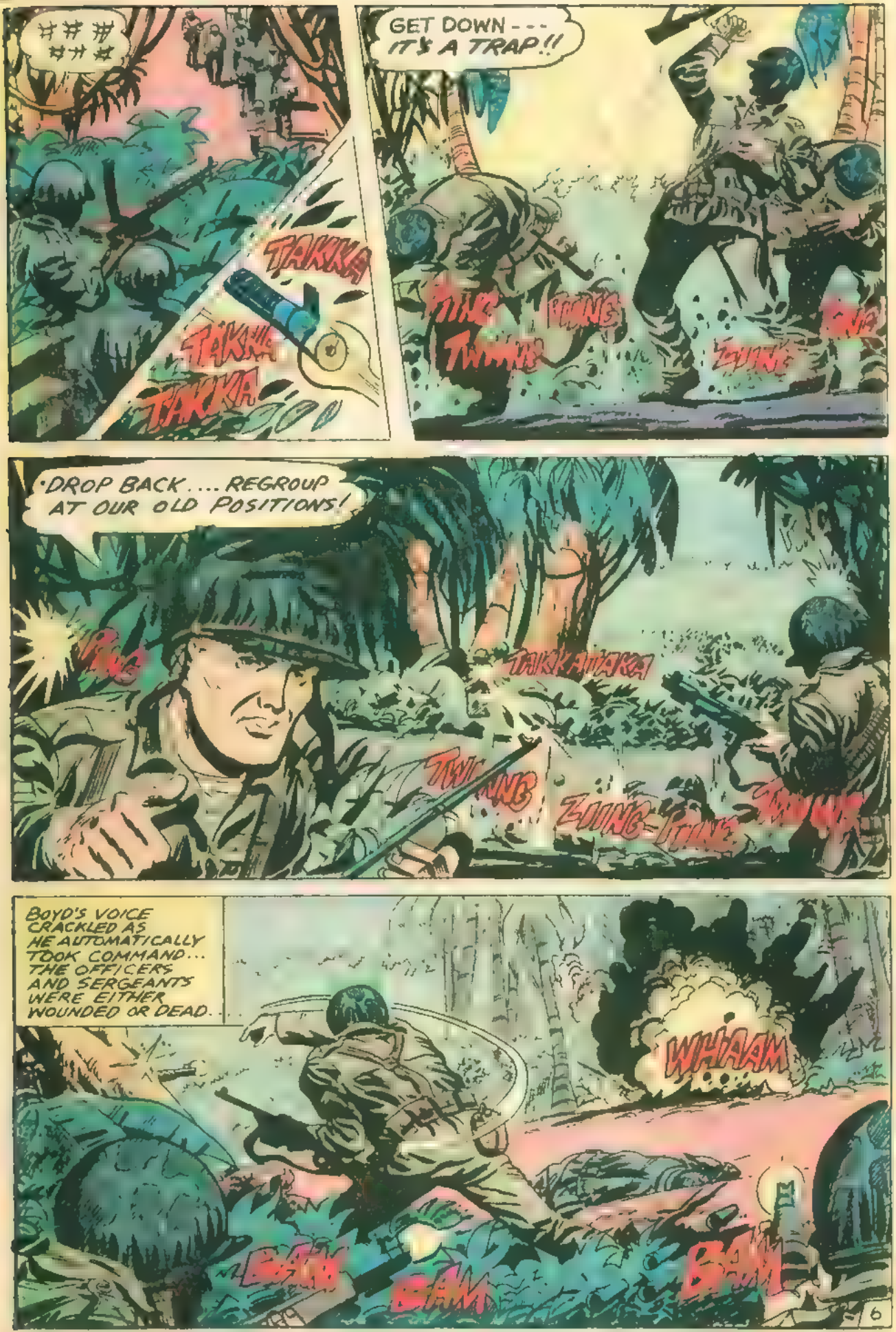
IT STARTED WAY BACK IN 1940 BEHIND THE BARRACKS, WHEN CAPT. KENDALL CHALLENGED LT. JASON BOYD TO A FIGHT, EVEN THOUGH THE CAPT. WAS FORTY POUNDS HEAVIER . . . . . .
CAPTAIN, SIR, IF THE COLONEL COMES AROUND WE'LL ALL BE BUSTED.
SHUT UP, SERGEANT... I'LL FINISH BOYD OFF QUICKLY!
I ALWAYS DID HATE... YOUR GUTS!!
STAY DOWN, YOU FOOL!
HOLD IT, CAPTAIN! GIVE HIM A CHANCE!
I'D BETTER GET ANOTHER OFFICER! KENDALL IS TRYING TO KILL LT. BOYD!
LEARNED YOUR LESSON YET, BOYD? READY TO ADMIT I'M A BETTER MAN?
YOU'RE NOT, KENDALL! YOU'RE A LOUSY OFFICER... AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'RE YELLOW!!
KENDALL MOVED IN, TRAINED, HARDENED MUSCLES READY TO SMASH THE JUNIOR OFFICER INTO PULP . . . . . .
I'LL SMASH YOU, BOYD!!
YOU'RE GETTING.... CARELESS, CAPTAIN!!
2.

NOW BOYD STARTED HAMMERING AWAY AT CAPT. KENDALL TILL THE SERGEANT ...IME WITH THE COLONEL .....
LT. BOYD! THAT WILL DO!
WHAAK
I SAW YOU STRIKE YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER, LT. BOYD. IT IS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!
BUT HE STRUCK ME FIRST, SIR!
...HE COURT MARTIAL, CAPT. KENDALL TESTIFIED THAT LT. JASON BOYD HAD ATTACKED HIM WITHOUT PROVOCATION. M/SGT. RAY HUBBARD WAS TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER CAMP SO HE COULDN'T TESTIFY AGAINST CAPT. KENDALL....
AFTER HEARING THE TESTIMONY OF YOU AND CAPT. KENDALL, LIEUTENANT, WE HAVE CONCLUDED THAT YOU ARE GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS. YOU WILL BE REDUCED IN RANK TO PRIVATE AND YOU ARE SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS IN THE BRIG!...
BOYD DID HIS TIME... LEFT THE MARINES, BUT THEN CAME PEARL HARBOR.. AND HE REENLISTED. BUT AS A PRIVATE.
BAARROOMM
3.

WITH HARD TRAINING, HE MADE CORPORAL . BUT ONLY TO BE UNDER THE COMMAND OF KENDALL . WHO WAS NOW A MAJOR . . . BUT STILL THE SAME SPIT AND POLISH OFFICER AS BEFORE . . . .
HE'LL BE IN COMMAND OF A BATTALION SOME DAY HE'S ROTTEN STILL NO GOOD . . GOD HELP US !!
CORPORAL BOYD! YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE BACK IN BOOT CAMP! . . . . . HUT . . HUT . . . . .
YOUR UNIFORM IS WRINKLED! YOU NEED A SHAVE!! YOUR LIBERTY IS CANCELED!
JUMP!! WHEN I GIVE AN' ORDER!!
CORPORAL BOYD MADE NO PROTEST . . HE TOOK HIS ORDERS AND WATCHED HIM PROMOTED TO LT COLONEL . AS THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION GOT COMBAT READY . .
INSIDE THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS . STAFF OFFICERS WERE BEING BRIEFED . . . . .
COLONEL KENDALL, THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION WILL ASSAULT GUADALCANAL AT 0800 HUNDRED . . . .
MY BATTALION IS READY, GENERAL!
14.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE MORNING OF AUG 7, 1942, THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION HIT THE BEACH AT GUADALCANAL. . .
WHAM
ABOARD THE TRANSPORT, LT COLONEL KENDALL HEARD THE REPORTS. LIGHT RESISTANCE. WAS MET... THE MARINES MOVED INLAND RAPIDLY . .
I BELONG WITH MY BATTALION, GENERAL REQUEST PERMISSION TO GO ASHORE
PERMISSION GRANTED, COLONEL KENDALL.
LCI
WHERE'S CAPTAIN JARRITT? WHY AREN'T WE MOVING INLAND?
CAPTAIN JARRITT IS WAITING FOR THE THIRD BRIGADE TO MOVE ON THE RIGHT FLANK, COLONEL.
I SAID ATTACK, CAPTAIN. IF YOU CAN'T OBEY ORDERS, I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR COMMAND!
I'LL ORDER THE ATTACK, COLONEL.
USMC
THE JUNGLE WAS SILENT. SILENT AS DEATH, JASON BOYD THOUGHT AS THE SERGEANT RELAYED CAPT JARRITT'S ORDER TO MOVE OUT....
KENDALL'S MOVING US UP TOO FAST!!
5.



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WHY DID YOU RUN, YOU GUTLESS COWARDS?
I DIDN'T SEE YOU OUT IN FRONT LEADING US, KENDALL!!
I'M ORDERING YOU TO ATTACK THE JAPS, BOYD! IF YOU REFUSE TO OBEY A DIRECT ORDER... I'LL SHOOT YOU!!
YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS.... KENDALL!!
AND YOU'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SHOW WHAT A COWARD YOU REALLY ARE!!
CLICK
I'LL FINISH YOU NOW, BOYD!! WHO'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!!
OOOHHH!
BANG
THIS IS CORPORAL BOYD, 3RD. SQUAD, 3RD. PLATOON. WE'RE PINNED DOWN. COLONEL KENDALL IS DEAD. CAPT. JARRITT DEAD, AND MOST OF THE SENIOR NON-COMS WOUNDED!
7.

COLONEL REEVES, BACK AT THE REAR GAVE BOYD NEW ORDERS . . . . . .
AS OF NOW, BOYD, YOU'RE A FIRST LIEUTENANT. TAKE COMMAND UNTIL I SEND SOMEONE UP . . .
DIG IN, MARINES! SET UP THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE FLANKS. PREPARE TO RESIST ENEMY ATTACK! MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF AMMO!
HERE THEY COME!!
POW
BANZAIIIII
POW
TAKKA-TAKKA
#####
BAM BAM
BAM BAM
RATATATAT
BAM
PING
TWING
PING
PING
PIN
THEY'RE ON THE RUN!!
KA-TIN-TATAT
BAM
BAM
PING
TWING
TWING
BY MORNING, NEW OFFICERS WERE SENT UP . . . JASON BOYD WAS A COMMISSIONED OFFICER AGAIN . . . . . .
WELCOME BACK, LIEUTENANT. THE COLONEL TOLD ME YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST COMBAT OFFICERS IN THE REGIMENT... HE'LL UPGRADE YOU TO WHERE YOU BELONG!!
I DON'T WANT RANK, MAJOR! I JUST WANT TO DO MY JOB!!
THE END

The LITTLE FINK

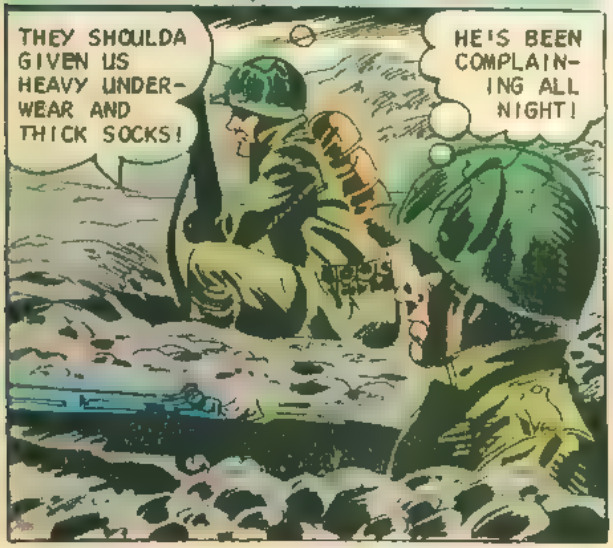
WHEN TUG EGGERS JOINED THE MARINE CORPS, HE SEEMED LIKE THE PERFECT TYPE NEEDED TO WIN THE 'POLICE ACTION' THEN BEING FOUGHT IN KOREA! HE WAS BIG, TOUGH, AND QUICK TO USE HIS ROCK-HARD FISTS...EVEN ON SMALLER, LESS SKILLED FIGHTERS LIKE 'LITTLE FINK' FRANKEL (TUG GAVE FRANKEL THE NICKNAME)!

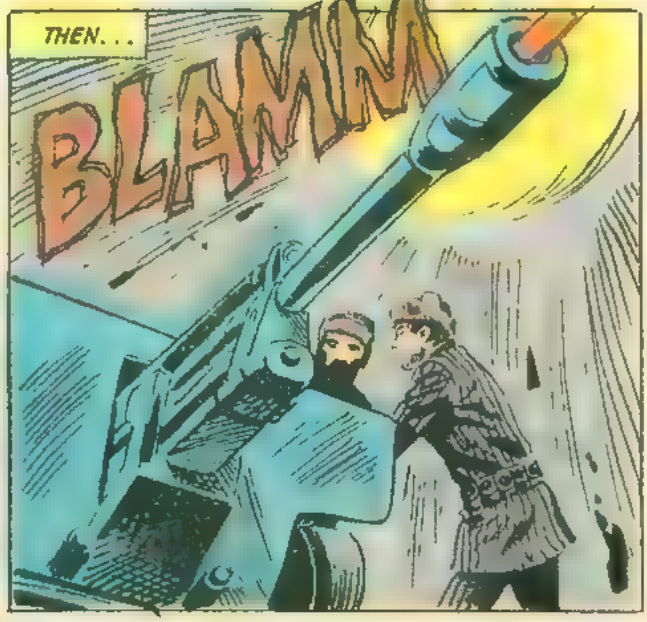
EGGERS LOVED THE MARINE CORPS! HE WAS A TERRIFIC MARKSMAN.
NINE OUT OF TEN IN THE BULL'S-EYE, EGGERS!
POW POW POW
HE SHUTS HIS EYES EVERY TIME HE PULLS THE TRIGGER!
HE'LL NEVER MAKE A MARINE, D.I.! THE CORPS OUGHTA KICK HIM OUT RIGHT NOW!
POW POW POW
BUT FIGHTING MEN WERE NEEDED IN KOREA, SO PFC. FRANKEL, WITH THE REST OF THE BOOTS FROM HIS GROUP, SHIPPED OUT.....
YA LOOK PALE, FRANKEL. YOU SEA-SICK OR JUST PLAIN SCARED.
I AM SCARED...BUT THAT WON'T KEEP ME FROM TRYING TO BE A GOOD MARINE.
TWO WEEKS LATER, PFC. FRANKEL, CPL. EGGERS, AND COMPANY WERE HEADED FOR THE COMBAT ZONE!
WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE FINK! YOU POOPIN' OUT ALREADY!
I'D LOVE TO BELT THAT SNEER OFF HIS FACE.
2

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

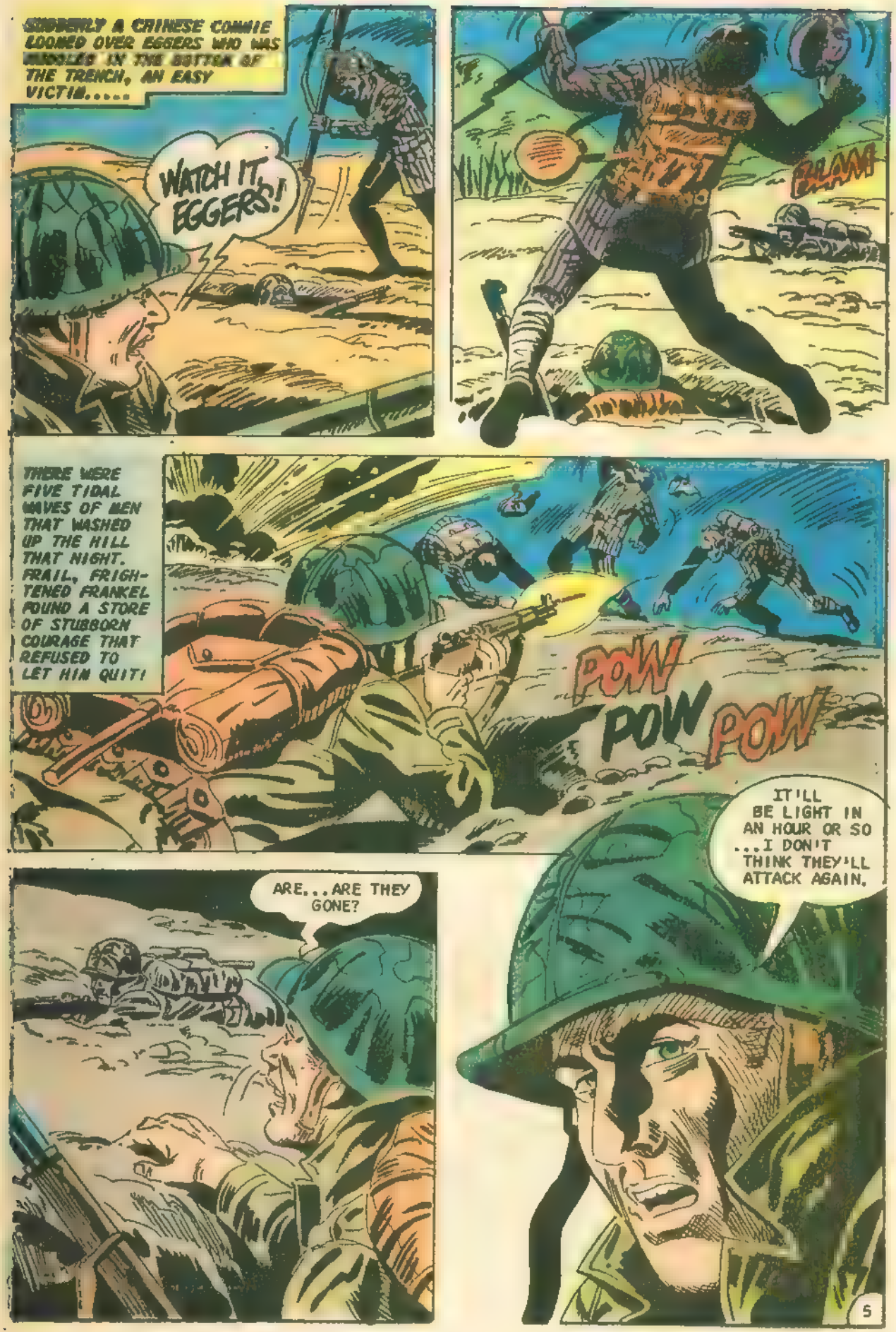
THEN, THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO BAKER COMPANY, 3RD BATTALION. AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, PFC. FRANKEL WAS IN CPL. EGGERS' PLATOON.

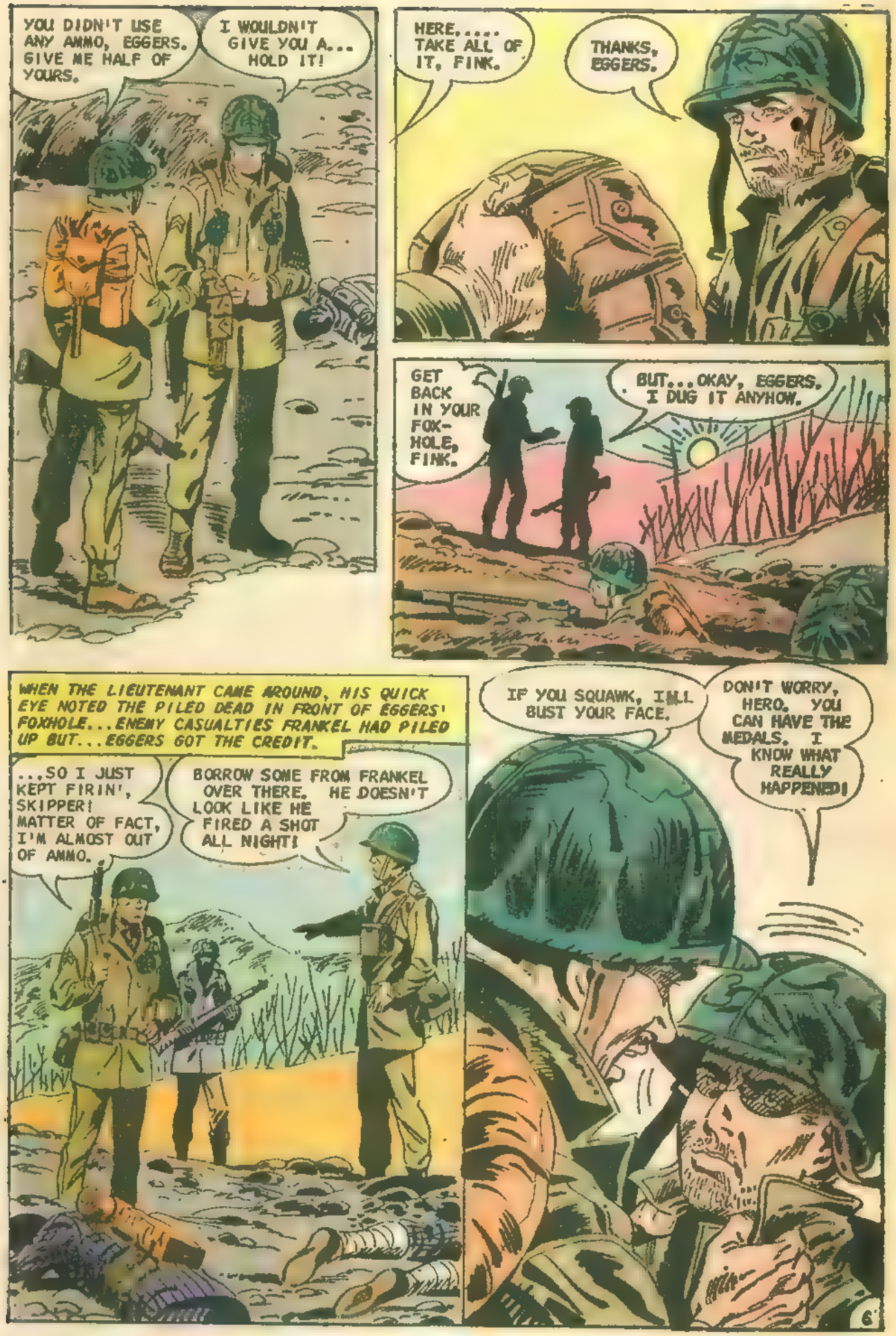
IT WAS QUIET ON THAT KOREAN HILLSIDE IN LATE NOVEMBER. QUIET AND VERY COLD.





ENEMY INFANTRY ATTACK!
ZIP
VIP
I'LL GET ZAPPED FOR SURE!
ZIP
FRANKEL! GET OUT OF THAT FOXHOLE!
IT'S MINE, EGGERS! YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN FOXHOLE!
I'M NOT GONNA ARGUE, FINK! GET OUT OR I'LL DRAG YOUR BODY OUT!
FRANKEL KNEW EGGERS WAS TERRIFIED ENOUGH TO COMMIT MURDER. HE CRAWLED OUT OF THE FOXHOLE AND WATCHED THE BIG, TOUGH CORPORAL BURROW DEEP IN THE HOLE HE, FRANKEL, HAD DUG!
EGGERS STILL HASN'T FIRED A SHOT...I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D TURN OUT LIKE THIS.
VIP
WHAM
ZIP
VIP
VIP
ZIP


SUDDENLY A CHINESE COMMIE LOOMED OVER EGGERS WHO WAS HUDDLED IN THE BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH, AN EASY VICTIM.....
WATCH IT, EGGERS!
BLOOM!
THERE WERE FIVE TIDAL WAVES OF MEN THAT WASHED UP THE HILL THAT NIGHT. FRAIL, FRIGHTENED FRANKEL FOUND A STORE OF STUBBORN COURAGE THAT REFUSED TO LET HIM QUIT!
POW! POW POW!
IT'LL BE LIGHT IN AN HOUR OR SO ...I DON'T THINK THEY'LL ATTACK AGAIN.
ARE...ARE THEY GONE?
5

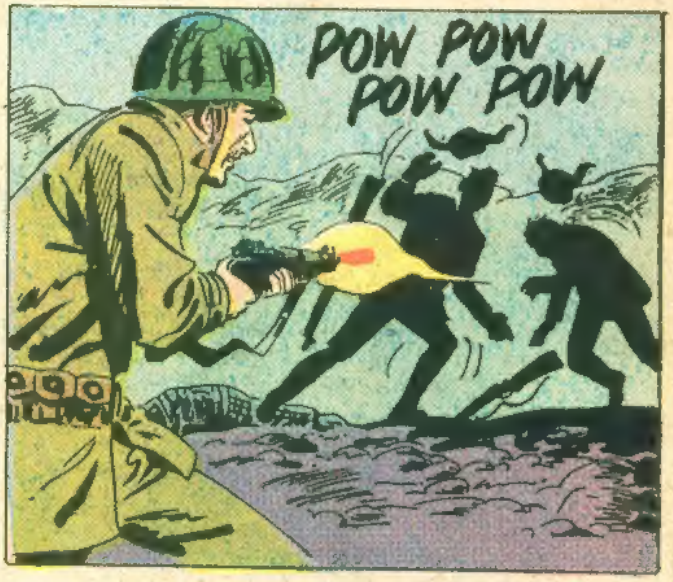

YOU DIDN'T USE ANY AMMO, EGGERS. GIVE ME HALF OF YOURS.
I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A... HOLD IT!
HERE..... TAKE ALL OF IT, FINK.
THANKS, EGGERS.
GET BACK IN YOUR FOX-HOLE, FINK.
BUT...OKAY, EGGERS. I DUG IT ANYHOW.
WHEN THE LIEUTENANT CAME AROUND, HIS QUICK EYE NOTED THE PILED DEAD IN FRONT OF EGGERS' FOXHOLE...ENEMY CASUALTIES FRANKEL HAD PILED UP BUT...EGGERS GOT THE CREDIT.
...SO I JUST KEPT FIRIN', SKIPPER! MATTER OF FACT, I'M ALMOST OUT OF AMMO.
BORROW SOME FROM FRANKEL OVER THERE. HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE FIRED A SHOT ALL NIGHT!
IF YOU SQUAWK, I'LL BUST YOUR FACE.
DON'T WORRY, HERO. YOU CAN HAVE THE MEDALS. I KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!

WORD GOT AROUND PLATOON THREE AND BAKER COMPANY...CPL. TUG EGGERS HAD REALLY PILED UP DEAD COMMIES IN THE FIREFIGHT.
EGGERS IS A TOUGH PIECE OF WORK, MICK!
ANYBODY COULD TELL THAT JUST LOOKIN' AT HIM.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, TUG EGGERS IS A BIG HERO...BUT IT'S GONNA BE FUN.....
.....WATCHIN' TUG TRYIN' TO LIVE UP TO HIS BIG FAT REPUTATION!
BLAM
LATER THAT DAY...
WE NEED A TWO MAN PATROL TO PROBE THE ENEMY POSITIONS ABOUT DUSK...IT WON'T BE EASY ...I NEED THE BEST.
SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR EGGERS, SKIPPER.
ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE FINK...I'LL GO...IF YOU VOLUNTEER WITH ME.
YOU'LL PROBABLY PUNCH ME IN THE MOUTH IF I REFUSE, HERO! SURE, I'LL COME ALONG.

THEY WENT OUT AT DUSK, TWO MARINES VENTURING INTO ENEMY TERRITORY.
EGGERS WILL DO THE JOB, SKIPPER.
MMMM..... MAYBE.... BUT ONE OF THEM WILL!

THEY ENCOUNTERED AN ENEMY PATROL OUTBOUND. EGGERS WHIMPERED IN FEAR AND DOVE FOR COVER...
COMMIES!
VIP
ZIP
ZIP

WHAM

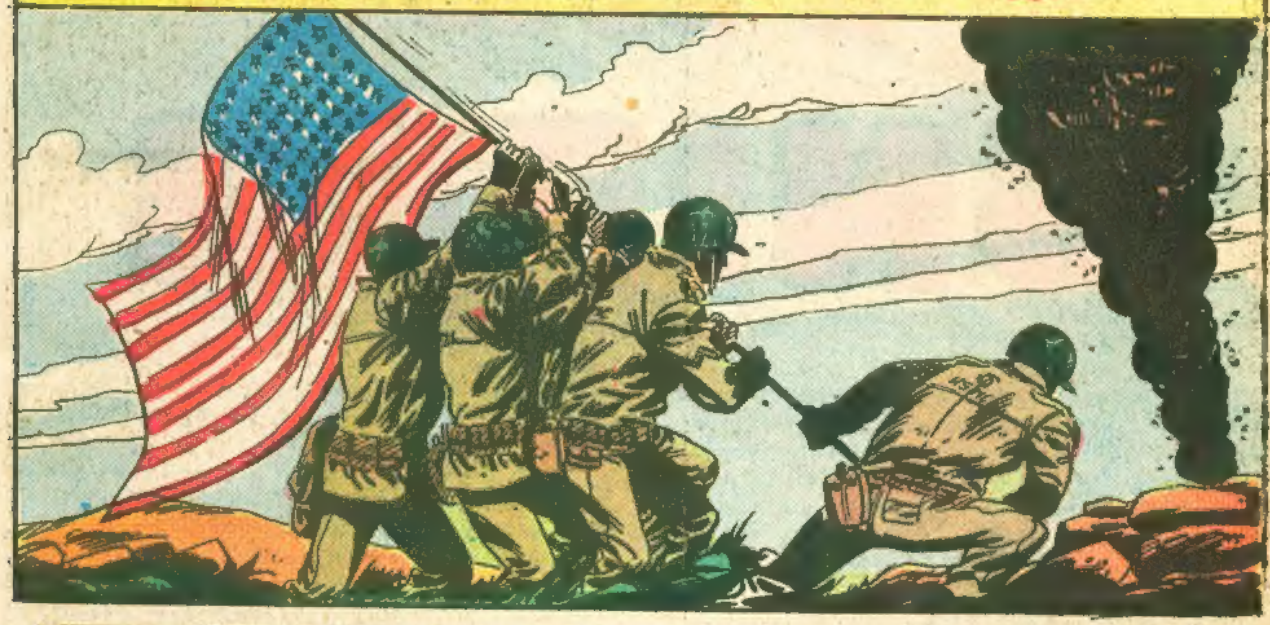

POW POW
POW POW

I HEARD THE FIREFIGHT. EGGERS DID HIS STUFF AGAIN.
LET'S FIND THE LIEUTENENT, TUG. TELL HIM HOW YA WIPED OUT THE COMMIES.

IT CAME OUT THEN. EGGERS HAD HAD HIS SHARE OF HEROISM...HE COULDN'T LIVE UP TO HIS ROLE.
I DIDN'T KILL THE COMMIES. FRANKEL DID. FRANKEL SAVED ME AGAIN TONIGHT. IF THERE'S A HERO IN THIS OUTFIT, HE'S IT.
I KNEW THAT, TUG, BUT YOU'LL BE OKAY. FRANKEL JUST HAPPENS TO HAVE A LOT OF GUTS EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT.
END

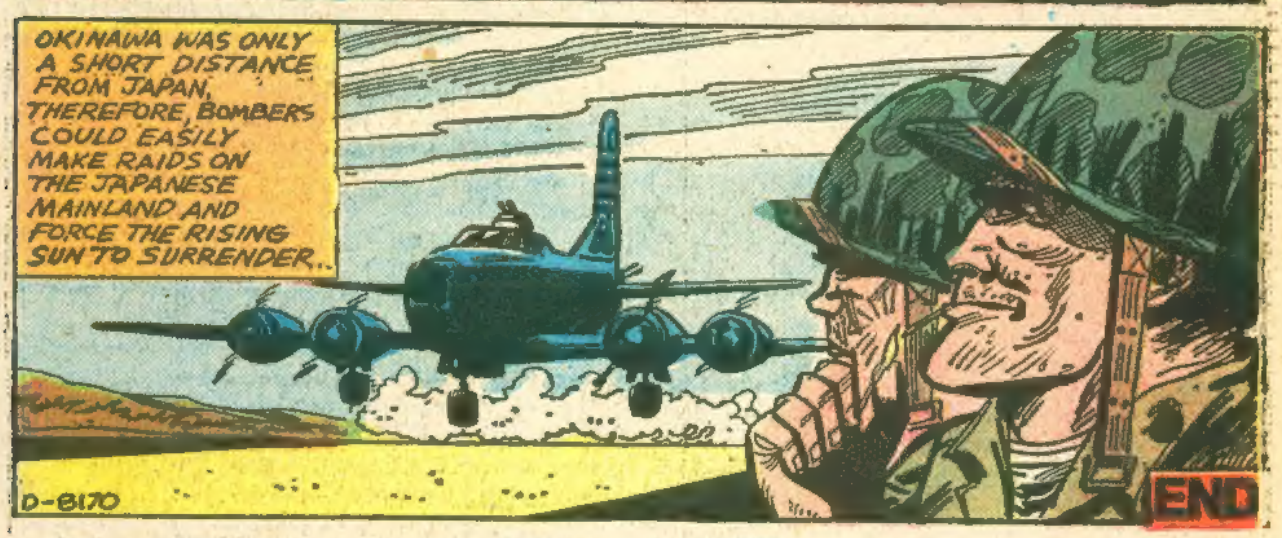
THE AMERICAN/AUSTRALIAN FORCES HAD BEEN FIGHTING BITTERLY AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE PACIFIC ISLAND HOPPING CAMPAIGN SINCE AUGUST 7, 1942. IWO JIMA WAS IN ALLIED HANDS BUT THERE WAS STILL....

OKINAWA the LAST ISLAND



ON JUNE 21, 1945, OKINAWA WAS FINALLY TAKEN. THREE MONTHS OF BATTLE RETURNED THE ISLAND TO AMERICA .....

OKINAWA WAS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM JAPAN, THEREFORE, BOMBERS COULD EASILY MAKE RAIDS ON THE JAPANESE MAINLAND AND FORCE THE RISING SUN TO SURRENDER..



D-8170

END

THE SNIPER

Turasui Surieguei had been raised to be a warrior. All of his ancestors before him had served their masters with the sword and the sash of the samurai brotherhood. War was in Surieguei's blood! Kill or be killed was his credo! Service, honor and death were his heritage and his destiny!

Surieguei and his comrades had fought fiercely against the Allies, but now things were going badly for the Imperial Japanese Empire. The end of the war was in sight. The Americans were advancing toward the Japanese mainland. There was no hope of a Japanese victory. Japan's only chance was to fight the Allies to a standstill. An honorable defeat was now their military goal!

The Americans had to take Iwo Jima in order to pave the way for the invasion of Japan. The Japanese had to stop the Americans from taking Iwo!

Every Imperial soldier was expected to do his duty to the very end. Any Japanese soldier who willingly surrendered, dishonored his family and was branded a coward and a traitor. It was a victory or death battle for the Imperial Army.

Mt. Suribachi was a sleeping volcano, but in the many caves that dotted her sides like bullet wounds, deadly, venomous dragons silently awaited the enemy attack! When the Allied troops landed, when the barrage lifted, when the fog-like gunsmoke cleared, the dragons would creep out of their caves and a rain of lethal fire would pour down upon any enemy who foolishly dared to scale the slopes of Suribachi.

"Here I die," muttered Surieguei as he scanned the barren beaches below through the telescopic sight mounted on his sniper's rifle. "This tiny cave will be my burial place. Like a true Samurai, I will die far away from home with a weapon in my hand!" he vowed as he watched the Allied landing barges speed toward shore. The moment of truth, the time of reckoning, the hour of death was almost at hand!

Like a falcon looking for unsuspecting prey, Turasui Surieguei peered through the lens of the telescope seeking out a victim. As the landing craft moved out of the ocean and up onto the beach, Surieguei's finger calmly curled around the trigger of his rifle.

The ramp of the landing craft fell to the ground with a loud crash. Out of the protective, iron womb of the amphibious vehicle emerged a swarm of fighting men. Instantly, they fled up the sandy beach toward cover and safety.

Slowly, carefully, expertly, Surieguei selected his first victim. The rifle roared. Surieguei's body jerked backward as the powerful rifle recoiled.

Down on the beach, an American sergeant grabbed his chest, screeched in pain, dropped his weapon, and fell face first into the sand. Never again would he think, speak or move. Some mother had lost her son and Japan had one less enemy soldier to fight.

Again and again Surieguei repeated the procedure that had swiftly and efficiently snuffed out a human life. Soldier after soldier fell to the earth never to breathe again. When the first wave of Americans established a foothold on the beach, Surieguei paused to reload. It was going well for him. His position had not yet been spotted and a fifteen shot clip had netted him a half dozen enemy lives.

He laughed as he reached for a fresh clip loaded with messengers of death. This time he would select his victims more carefully. This time, only officers would die. Before long, his hiding place would be spotted, and then he would become a living target marked for death. Before that happened, he had to kill some American officers.

The clip snapped into place. The gun was ready for action. Surieguei pressed the telescopic lens to his right eye and peered through the scope. Slowly, the rifle barrel slid from side to side as he scanned the enemy held terrain below.

Suddenly, the rifle stopped moving. Surieguei blinked in disbelief. His heart thumped. He broke out in a cold sweat.

There, on the beach, was an enemy soldier with a sniper's rifle. The enemy sniper was staring at him through a telescopic sight. Surieguei froze! Paralyzing fear turned him into a living statue. His index finger refused to depress the firing mechanism of his own rifle.

He watched in awe as a puff of smoke came floating out of the enemy's gun barrel. Surieguei felt a sharp pain knife through his chest. He grunted, dropped his gun, and rolled over on his side. He kicked spasmodically, cried out in alarm and died all alone in that tiny cave in the side of Mt. Suribachi.